# Club Sandwich

SUMMER 1992 No 62

in this edition...

SESSION WATCH
LINDA'S SIXTIES
DAUMIER'S LAW
WIX WEDS
PEPPER AGAIN
MEET BLAIR
VIDEO VAULT
...and much more

# HARD AT ~~WORK~~ PLAY

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

# SUE'S LETTER

As Paul and the band near completion of their greatly anticipated new album we return with the summer *Sandwich* to report on the many and various projects which continually tick over in the background while sessions are in progress. As a bonus, though, to portray a little of what goes into the recording of a new song, we've asked Geoff Baker to write an inside view of a typical recent day in the studio – you can read his report in WATCHING THE PERFECTIVES. Incidentally, until the album is delivered it's impossible to have any release information, but please rest assured that *Club Sandwich* will keep you posted.

Paul recently received the Polar Music Award in recognition of his outstanding contribution to music. Unfortunately, his studio commitments meant that he was unable to attend the Stockholm ceremony on 18 May to accept the prestigious prize in person – instead it was collected on his behalf by Robert Cormack, the British Ambassador to Sweden.

While on the subject of awards I hear that the World Tour TV film *Going Home* (that's its American title, in Europe it was called *From Rio To Liverpool*) has been nominated for an Emmy, and that 'Unchained Melody' from MPL's publishing catalogue has been named song of the year by the ASCAP agency in the States.

In our two-page feature IN HONOUR OF HONORE we look into the making of *Daumier's Law*, a fascinating new MPL film which few readers will know about. It's a superb animated short which was screened at the Cannes Film Festival in May and will, we hope, go on to receive general cinema distribution. It deserves to, because the combination of Geoff Dunbar's fine animation and Paul's unique music makes it a real gem.

Anyone in the UK who saw the ITN coverage of Brightness, the white Beluga whale, could not have helped but be drawn to the plight of such an endearing creature in its hour of need. This issue's AND IN THE GREEN CORNER recounts the whole sorry story, especially written for us by John Hicks of the organisation International Animal Rescue which has been in the forefront of the campaign to return the animal to its proper Arctic habitat. Paul and Linda, along with our good friend Carla Lane and other concerned celebrities, have played a key part in petitioning the relevant authorities to place the welfare of the whale before any other considerations, and although their efforts did not prove successful John Hicks and his team still need all the help and support they can get in their continuing campaign for the release of Brightness.

As the *Liverpool Oratorio* performances around the world multiply many of you are writing to us requesting help in arranging and/or actually supplying tickets for the various events. Unfortunately, as we are not directly involved in the staging of these performances, we are unable to assist – all ticket enquiries should be addressed to the venue concerned.

And speaking of tickets, it's still much too early for *any* news about any future concert tour by Paul and the band. If and when Paul decides to perform any more concerts we'll be sure to let you know!

Have a great summer

Sue

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

# WATCHING THE PERFECTIVES

## IN THE STUDIO WITH MACCA

**Geoff Baker – the human fly – swots up, makes a bee line for the studio and surreptitiously plugs in to a recent recording session for the forthcoming album**

PHOTOGRAPH: JULIAN MENDELSOHN

At first I thought Richard Ogden, MPL's managing director, had said "Paul wants your flies on the wall", which I presumed to be like wanting my head on a plate – but marginally more painful.

"But," I whined, "I haven't done anything wrong..."

"Geoffrey," said Richard, using the name that people only call me when they're about to have an attack of Lotto-size irritation, "learn to *listen*. I *said* 'He wants you to be a fly on the wall.' Go to the studio, watch the recording of a track for the new album and write about it."

Write. I mean, right.

So I bombed down to the studio, scaring the hell out of shoppers standing at bus stops by playing *Sgt Pepper* at volume level 11,258 with all the windows down.

Bzzz, bzzz, bzzz, 10.15am and the studio was a hive of activity. Well...Keith Smith (MPL's technical manager) was a hive of activity. He was Hoovering.

"It's all these chips around Blair," mumbled Keith. "He leaves chips all over the place."

"Uhhh...*chips*?" I queried, trying to imagine how Blur (as he is known) could eat *and* drum.

In answer, Keith held up a drumstick that looked as if it'd been brutally gnawed by a beaver.

"Chips. Of wood. Off this. He hits the kit so hard he makes the chips fly."

Bzzz, bzzz, bzzz, a tour of the studio elicited that there were an *awful* lot of instruments. Was the Liverpool Philharmonic in on this one as well?

"There are twenty-six guitars in here," counted I.

"Twenty-seven," countered Keith.

"Which are Mac's?"

"Over there in Horror Corner."

"Uhh?"

"It's Horror Corner as far as value goes. You don't want to go flying around that."

From a safe distance of 16 feet you could see that Horror Corner held *that* Hofner, the Rickenbacker bass from Wings and solo periods, that five-stringed bass from The Tour and a Beatley-looking thing that Keith said was a 360-12 Rickenbacker, which you presumed, too, to be worth a fortune.

There was also a video camera, linking the recording studio to a screen in the control room where producer Julian Mendelsohn – puffing a Marlboro down to the butt [although he's since managed to give up smoking – Ed.] – sat before a bank of what appeared to be 766,000 buttons, knobs and twiddlers.

A sniffle indicated that The Band had arrived.

"I'm feeling rough this morning," snuffled Robbie. "I've got the flu coming on."

"Me too," sniffled Wix, helping himself to a 12.20pm bowl of breakfast cornflakes.

Hamish looked pensive, this being on account that today was *his* day; they were recording one of the songs that he and Macca had written together, 'I Keep Coming Back To Love'.

"Funny story to that," said Paul, who'd arrived now and was sitting, balanced on the edge of the kitchen sink, agitating to start. "We were driving over Westminster Bridge and I was speaking to Hamish in Los Angeles on the car phone to ask how it was going.

"He said, 'I'm having trouble with the words', so I said, 'Well, try love – that's a good subject'.

"'Yeah,' he said, 'I keep coming back to love.'

"'Well, there's your title,' I told him."

Marginally pepped by something called Russian Caravan Tea, Macca and his little caravan of talent strolled off to plug in.

"You just *wait*," said Linda, with the sort of grin that I imagine Santa Claus adopts when he's tugging some really fab present down the chimney.

General cacophony followed as everyone relaxed and tuned up by playing completely different tunes – Linda and Wix on keyboards, Macca on the five-string, Robbie and Hamish on Stratocasters and Blair on the chip-making machine.

"So it's C for two, D for two then E for two," said Paul, falling short of T-for-two and not speaking to anyone in particular.

I wasn't understanding this at all and was even more confused when Bob Kraushaar, the engineer, asked "Have you got a DI for Robbie's FX?"

"OK," said Paul, everyone now talking in abbreviations. "Let's try it...one, two, three..."

Blair opened the track by hitting his kit so hard that I looked up, startled to see if the ceiling had suddenly caved in.

The band tore through this track and I wrote in my notebook: *"This is new; this is exciting; this is souly, with Robbie playing some sort of catchy Allman Brothers-ish hook. Not heard this stuff before."*

That paragraph explains why I was not a Beatle. If you and I had played this song like that we'd have been down the pub ten minutes later, well-pleased with ourselves for having recorded a hit.

Macca, however, pursed his lips in thought, as if all they'd done was play 'Jack And Jill Went Up The Hill To Fetch A Pail Of Water'.

"Uh, fine," he said.

They tried it again.

"Pretty good," said Julian from the control room.

They tried it again.

"Pretty good," said Julian.

"Let's have a listen," said Paul, taking the band over to Julian's Marlboro haze for a playback.

"Yee-ah! Rock and roll!", said Blair.

Paul was not convinced. Back to the recording room.

"OK, here we go, guys, nice and steady. You know it, if you don't, bluff it," he said.

They tried it again.

"That sounds *something* like what we want," said Paul.

They went for another playback and Macca, who must have the hearing of an Amazonian fruit bat, said: "You're playing that hi-hat a bit much again, Blair."

"Is this the same sound as yesterday's?", Paul enquired of Julian.

"Yeah."

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

"It sounds *ordinary* to me," said Paul.

"It's *exactly* the same sound, Paul," stuck out Julian.

"It sounds too *ordinary*, just like a bunch of guys anywhere in the world plonking along to a rhythm section. It *can't* sound ordinary."

Hamish is switched from electric to acoustic guitar to make the sound less "muddy". Julian is told to give Blair a "bigger" sound and Robbie's not happy.

"I can't get the riff right," said Robbie, practising over and over a complexity that, I learnt, Paul had "just made up" on holiday.

"What's the problem – you can't get it or you can't *play* it?", said Paul, testily.

"Oh, I can *play* it."

"You sure? Don't change the habits of a lifetime."

Robbie practises, over and over and over, and I remembered one evening in New Jersey, backstage on the tour, when Macca was telling radio interviewer Scott Muni "With the next album I'd like to write something that will really *stretch* Robbie, because he's such a good player."

Robbie is currently stretching wall to wall and saying "I'll get it in a minute."

He gets it.

"That's it, don't change a hair of that for me...not if you care for me, little Robbie McIntosh," larked Macca.

They try another take.

"Who-ell! I've seen the light and it's grooving," yelled Blair.

Another playback and now Linda's track is scrutinised.

"That sounds a bit stringier," said Linda.

"A bit hornier, wasn't it?", remarked Hamish.

"What?"

"I meant, a bit *reedier*."

Back to the studio they go again, Macca confiding to Hamish en route, "I want this to sound tighter than a duck's *ass*."

Another take.

"That was it, we think," Macca told Julian.

"Pretty good but I think you should go for another," came back the voice from the control room.

"I think I should go for a pint," said Paul.

Another take.

"Tight-*ish*," judged Paul, still pursing.

They stopped for a munch-break, giving Robbie the opportunity to indulge in a McIntoshism.

"Did you know," grinned Tony Hancock's biggest fan, "that you spend more energy eating celery than you actually get from it? So if you keep eating celery, you die – from exhaustion."

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

Take fatigue, if not actual exhaustion, was hitting in now [I've actually précis-ed down the number of takes on account of I didn't want this article to use up most of the trees in an average-sized rain forest], it was 5.30pm and The Purser still wanted better. The album, he'd explained, is going to be a *band* album, a little rocker, but not any old band album.

Wix, now festering with flu, appeared to have almost lost consciousness as he lay, flaked out, on the control room couch. But Paul egged them on again.

"This is what makes it difficult, guys," he encouraged. "This is why we get paid all this money – otherwise anybody would be able to do it."

Like Shakespeare's whining schoolboy they crept like snails unwillingly – rather than strolled – back to plug in again.

But now The Chip Maker gave it – as they say, peculiarly, in the Midlands – some *thrutch*, flailing his drums like a threshing machine on amphetamines; Macca began to bop about the room with a reggae bounce and Robbie whacked at his chords like a man swatting angry flies [not this one, though]. It was grins all round. A hit in the can, surely, thank you very much and off to the pub.

Errr...poor Julian was now on his third carton of Marlboro. "Sorry guys, pretty good but there was a mistake..."

"But it's easily repairable," pleaded Robbie, owning up.

They tried again. And again. And...now *that* was a good take. That was it, surely. OK with you, control?"

By the sound of Macca's "What? Is that *our* fault? *We* have no control over the buttons" it sounded as if control had boobed that time. Maybe the now-anxious (but hiding it) Julian had momentarily popped out, giving up the Marlboro to build a bonfire and inhale that instead.

It was now 7.00pm and the defeatist voice of Why I Wasn't A Beatle inside me was thinking "Sod it, give it up, forget the album, put out another greatest hits instead."

Whereupon Mr McCartney demonstrated why, after 30 years in the business, he's sustained 30 years in the business.

"I AM READY TO STAND HERE UNTIL I GROW FUNGUS ALL OVER MY BODY TO GET THIS INTRO RIGHT," he bellowed into his mike.

And then there were three – Paul, Blair and Robbie. The others' parts were fine. The drum intro, they'd decided, *still* needed something.

Ah-one, two, three...Bang-a-Bang-Bang-Bang-Bang went Blair, chips all over the shop.

And again, please. Banga bangaboom-banga boomboom bangboom. We're up to our *knees* in wood shavings now.

And, just...one...err, again...Booo oooombang-a-Bang-a-Bang-Bang-Boooooooooom.

"Just relax, Blair," said Macca. "We'll get it this time."

Ah-one-two-threeeeeah...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-BANGGGGG-A-BANNNNGGGGGG-BOOOMMMMMM-BANG-BANG-BOOOM-BANG-BANG-BOOMMM-MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM-MMMMM.

We're no longer in a studio, we're in a bloody *saw mill*. Chips everywhere. Flying tonight.

And they've cracked it. It's 8.05pm. Control's happy – Control said it was "*more than* pretty good," the first time Control had lost control and let himself be so substantive – The Chip Maker's happy, Robbie's happy, Wix is happy to be still alive.

"Can I just try that intro on the piano?", said a known voice.

*Piano*? What's he on about? Bloody piano? No-one's played the piano all *day*! Surely not? Look, we have men *dying* of Beijing Flu here.

"I just wanna see...just bear with me...just, maybe a little piano here." You could see the mind working it out.

And so Paul played piano. Jammy sod. Made all the difference. Not an ordinary note in it. Dismissed.

And it was only 8.25pm.

Must be easy being a rock star.

# ASSAULT ON PEPPER

**It's only five years since the last onslaught of anniversary celebrations, barely time to sneeze, but *Pepper* is in the news again, enjoying a 25th birthday. You may have seen Paul being interviewed at Abbey Road in the recent TV documentary *The Making Of Sgt Pepper*. Here's some of what he had to say**

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF APPLE CORPS

### On why the Beatles gave up touring

"I think we got fed up living like that, because surely the idea is to get famous and to enjoy your life, not to suddenly enter a new pressure zone. So I think the logic of it was 'let's give up and spend more time recording, which is what we love doing best.'"

### On choosing to record

"A lot of things were changing at that time. Society was changing, the psychedelic era was coming in and we were very much a part of it, and I think we really felt that it could be done better from a record than by anything else. The record could go on tour – that was the theory."

### On *Sgt Pepper's* influences

"The single biggest influence on my thinking for *Sgt Pepper* was the Beach Boys' album *Pet Sounds*, which is still one of my favourite records. I think it's a very finely crafted record and that Brian Wilson was a great genius. It's actually very clever on any level, from a writer's point of view, from an arranger's point of view, from a bass player's point of view. We took a bit of wind out of the Beach Boys' sails with *Pepper*, which I was a little bit sorry for because they were one of my favourite bands at the time."

### On *Sgt Pepper's* band

"The first thing I said to all of the guys in the band was, 'If we're interested in doing this we've got to come up with a list of all our favourite people, because we'll find out who this band is and we'll be there. It will be our alter ego and we'll make this whole album not as the Beatles, so that when we step up to the microphone it won't be John Lennon doing another vocal, or Paul McCartney, it will be so and so from Sgt Pepper's band.' And that allowed us to be very liberated. Everything about the album could be imagined from the perspective of these people."

### On George Martin

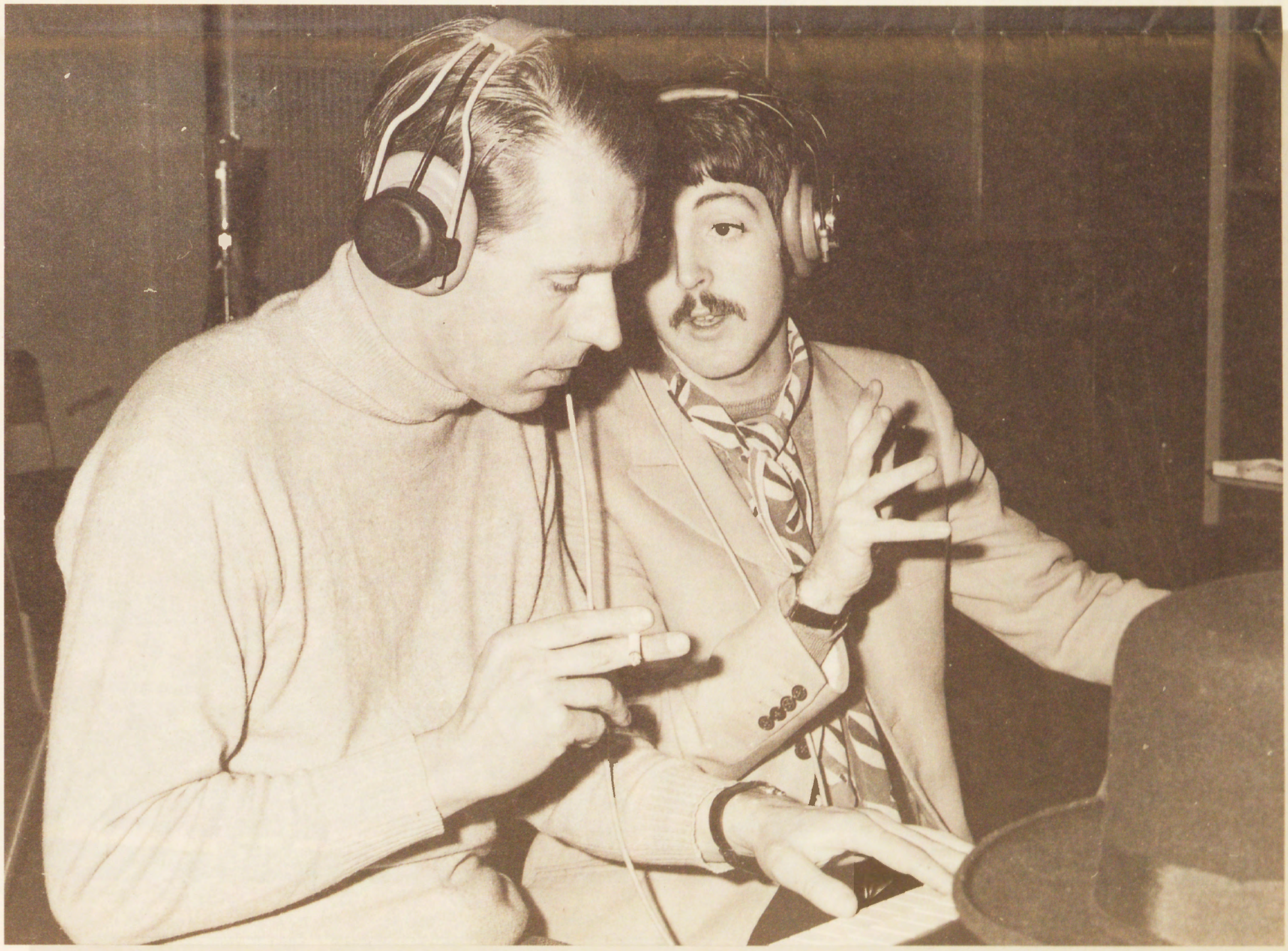
"His great skill was to allow us to do what we wanted. There were other producers who would have said 'Hey now, steady on, wait a minute, we don't need an Indian song like "Within You Without You", you go and do that on your own album mate.' But George just went along with it all, which was very clever, I think. He didn't flinch and that's what, in my mind, makes him the best producer ever."

### On the recording technology

"People go on about CDs and DATs and all that. Personally, I don't think it makes any difference at all. The song's still got to be great, the recording's still got to be great, the performance has still got to be great, the energy's still got to be there. It didn't really matter to us that it was recorded on four-track. You just had to be good all the time. The only thing today's 58 or 74 tracks give you is the opportunity to delay your decisions, which I think is a bad thing."

### On durability

"I'm surprised how well the *Sgt Pepper* album has lasted, because it still sounds modern to me, it still sounds innovative. I think if you pull it apart you will find that the songs aren't the biggest Beatles songs, but that wasn't what we were doing: we were changing our method of working, it wasn't looking for catchy singles anymore, it was more like writing your novel."



# DRUMMING MAN CUNNINGHAM

**Mark Lewisohn catches up with the ace drummer and discovers he's actually carrying out the family tradition**

It's an unusual situation for Blair Cunningham. He's already been a part of the Macca band for 18 months yet relatively few fans have had a chance to enjoy his fine playing. Joining the set-up after the World Tour he's only been seen, publicly, on a few 'All My Trials' TV spots, *Unplugged* and in those six "secret" summer shows: in Harlesden, St Austell, Westcliff, Copenhagen, Barcelona and Naples.

But he's very well-established all the same, and (as "Watching The Perfectives" elsewhere in this issue underlines) will certainly be evident on the forthcoming band album, and the tour to follow. Small in stature he may be, but he's *big* on drums.

Which is not surprising really, considering that Blair has nine brothers and they are all – yes, *all* – drummers. Not to mention several cousins who are also active working musicians. "My Mum always said 'Why don't somebody pick up another instrument?'", Blair laughs (as he so frequently does), acknowledging that her plea fell on deaf ears – little wonder, bearing in mind that there were ten drummers around the house.

Home now is London but then it was Memphis, Tennessee and Blair doesn't have to think hard to impart some long-distance information about his formative years. Born of American parents in October 1957 (so he's now 34) he grew up with the sounds of the locally-based legendary Stax record label ringing in his ears – some of his brothers were session musicians or in bands, and star names in the world of soul were friends of the family. "Everybody knew everybody," Blair recalls, "and I always used to hang out in the studios, despite shouts of 'Get off those drums you little rat!' I was a kid but still it was fun, hanging out with people like Isaac Hayes. They'd call your Mum 'Mum' because it was like family. Roy, the fifth brother, is still playing the Memphis circuit, which I was doing before I came to England, and my brother Carl was in the Bar-Kays with Otis Redding. He died with him in the plane crash in December 1967, when I was 10."

The much-used family drum kit was set up in the garage and the young Blair used to sit and watch his brothers play, learning all the while. He also used to have a bash himself, if the coast was clear. "If I heard a car coming I'd jump down and pretend to be looking for a hacksaw or a drill or something," he remembers, "then finally came the day when I was so into my playing that I didn't hear my brothers Kelly and Roy coming and I was caught. I froze, but they encouraged me to keep going and then Roy found out that I could do something that he couldn't, so I got their approval."

From then on, music was the obvious career move. Although the teenage Blair avidly devoured the Rolling Stones, the Who and Janis Joplin, Memphis meant mostly soul/R&B and work meant sessions. The first record he drummed on was by one distinctly unknown Alfred Brown. "He was a dentist who really wanted to be a singer/songwriter, but he couldn't sing. I hope to God I still have this record because one line was 'If I die I'll kill you' – he had the right idea but couldn't quite get it across! I was about 17 then."

Word soon spread that there was a hot new drummer in town and very quickly Blair progressed, playing on records by Rufus Thomas, Eddie Floyd and many others, including Anita Ward's 'Ring My Bell', a number one in Britain and America in 1979. "Everything was an experience to me and I played it all, from soul to rock and roll to country music sessions. I was *hungry* to learn."

The Big Move came in late-1979. "A friend of mine from the Memphis circuit, a guitarist called David Cochran, came to London and suggested I join him to do an album with Philip Rambo. I arrived in Baron's Court and I've been based here ever since. Well, apart, that is, from some Immigration trouble. Mum always said 'Tell the truth and shame the devil' so I told the Immigration official at London Airport that I'd be working, even though our work permits hadn't turned up by the time we left America. So I got us deported: we had to fly back home, sit there for 24 hours, get hold of the permits and fly back again: we spent 36 hours travelling for a two-week session!"

After recording and then touring with Philip Rambo, Blair was seen drumming in a London club one evening by an up-and-coming singer called Nick Heyward, as a result of which he was persuaded to join Heyward's group, the then unknown Haircut 100. A few months later "the Haircuts" were the toast of the town and the target of considerable teenybop attention, turning out a succession of hits like 'Favourite Shirts', 'Love Plus One', 'Fantastic Day' and 'Nobody's Fool'. The records still bring in royalties but the band soon found the media heat stifling and broke up. "Just like in every band we had a nice little run but then, because of everyday sagas and traumas, it gets taken away from you," Blair remarks, philosophically.

Very much the thinking man, determined to understand and explore and not just live life, Blair then took the first of several long sabbaticals from work – "a year off to find my bearings" as he puts it. "You get in the studios and on the road and you lose perspective over what's going on, so I like to take as much time off as possible." Although he then helped an unknown singer called Sadé get a recording contract Blair resisted an offer to join her band and instead only returned to active work in 1984/5, teaming up with the Explorers – Roxy Music without Bryan Ferry.

This was followed in 1986 by the accomplishment of a long-felt personal desire, to join a band from the north of England. He became a member of Echo and the Bunnymen, the lads from Liverpool. "That was what I really wanted to do. I lived in Liverpool for a bit, in the Adelphi Hotel, and really got into it up there."

The extent to which Blair "got into it" is evident when he speaks: his accent is scarcely American anymore, rather it's a curious mixture of scouse and cockney, with a slight yankee twang. It's the sort of voice you don't take long in recognising.

A spell in Chrissie Hynde's Pretenders came next – bringing future McCartney drummer Blair Cunningham into daily contact with future McCartney guitarist Robbie McIntosh and leading to two albums and three years on the road – followed by another 12 months off.

It was towards the end of 1990 that Blair, still based oop north, received a call from MPL. "I flew down from Manchester and was driven to Paul's studio where I sort of auditioned along with three other drummers. We just jammed, really. I came down twice and then the job sort of became mine. We did a couple of TV things first, one of which, just before Christmas 1990, was *Wogan*. I sensed that something was happening and right before we went on Paul called a band meeting. He said, 'We were really excited listening to you play the other day – do you want to join the band?' So I said 'Yeah, alright', someone made some tea and then I suddenly got an attack of the nerves – the cup and saucer were shaking and I had to go to the toilet and throw some cold water on my face.

"When I returned they said they'd been joking, that I wasn't wanted in the band after all. I felt like a lost kid and my face dropped. But this – I found out later – was the joke. I really *was* being invited in, although it took several phone calls from Richard [Ogden] to convince me that they actually meant it. So I discovered straight away that you've definitely got to have a sense of humour to be in this band!

"Then we did *Unplugged*. I'd never played brushes in my life and really enjoyed it. Music is such a vast experience to go through because there are so many things to learn and keep you excited. I always think, how can any musician get bored with music? Then after *Unplugged* we did the little shows.

"One thing I found out immediately working with Paul is that he's a workaholic. He's a devoted musician but it's fun working with him, absolute fun, because you know you can try whatever you want. He doesn't want you to look at him as the leader, he wants to be just one of the band."

The McCartneys propensity for vegetarianism is well-known, and it's a lifestyle wholeheartedly shared by drummer Cunningham. "I've always been against eating meat. My Mum thought I was a bit weird, eating butter-beans and corn-bread instead of meat loaf. I'd give that to the dog under the table. Now in England I've got right into eating cakes and pies..."

To use his own words, Blair was "the last little squirt" in a large family (not only the ten brothers but also three sisters), which, four decades on, is now scattered across the States. "I'm the only 'foreigner' at the moment and I think I'll stay living in England. From the first day I landed here in 1979 it's seemed like home. I can go to sleep in peace.

"As for the new album, that's going great. I'm really pleased with it. We're making it stronger and stronger with every session. And then we'll be back on the road, my first time with the band. I can't wait..."

Yes, it's certainly great to have someone like Blair around. It's taken too long in coming, but we'd all like to bid him a sincere and belated welcome. And, honestly Blair, that's no joke...

# IN HONOUR OF HONORÉ

**Honoré Daumier, French artist, born 1808, died 1879, his work brought to life by the McCartneys 1992. As all but a few ask "Who?" *Club Sandwich* promptly answers the question and looks into the making of a marvellous new MPL animated film.**

**By Mark Lewisohn**

Paul McCartney, the man with more strings to his bow than an average-size symphony orchestra, is about to surprise us all once again. Over the past four years he's been putting together a short film animating the work of the 19th century artist Honoré Daumier, and recording what the public will perceive as some very un-McCartney like music for it. A private screening of the completed production took place in London in April, followed by an official unveiling at the Cannes Film Festival a month later. While not exactly a *secret*, the film has been made on the quiet, with few outsiders aware of its existence – until now.

The film, *Daumier's Law* is its title, is brought to you by the team behind *Rupert And The Frog Song* – Paul, Linda and animation director Geoff Dunbar – and it is a quite awesome spectacle, the result of painstaking, brilliant work by Dunbar's London-based Grand Slamm Productions company. For too long Honoré Daumier has been an unsung hero, a clear but usually overlooked influence over artists such as Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec and Picasso. *Daumier's Law* will ensure that his work finally receives the attention it so clearly merits.

**The sleeve of the 1989 twelve-inch single 'Figure of Eight' / 'Ou est le Soleil?' featured a drawing by Daumier presented to the McCartneys by a Swiss museum after they had learnt of their interest in the artist and his work.**

Linda was the first to be enthused by Daumier – back in her school days. "As an art history major, both at Vermont College and the University of Arizona, I saw, supposedly, every great visual," she explains. "I went through all periods of different painters and along the way there were several that really grabbed me – Daumier being one of them. He was very satirical about the different classes and fantastic at capturing people's characters."

The story rests a while and then leaps forward to 1988 when, as plans for the World Tour began to take shape, Paul found himself with the time and opportunity to record some experimental music. It wasn't then meant for the film – the project only came into being after the music was completed – and was done solely for self-interest. Paul takes up the story: "I wanted to get into some minimalist music so I came to the studio and started trying to think of very simple pieces, based around the theme of injustice. I'd read an article about minimalist music and the idea that sometimes people use too many notes. There's that joke in *Amadeus* where the king is asked what he thinks of a piece of music and he says 'Too many notes' – the article was saying that this is often true, so I got intrigued with the idea of thinking 'How few notes could I use, then?' You start off thinking of just one note, you hit C on the piano, but one's natural feelings lead one to think that that's too little, so you embellish it a bit here and a bit there, trying to keep in the back of your mind that this is supposed to be as minimal as you can get. And in the end I think I abandoned the idea of minimalism and just got into this slightly experimental music."

Around this same time Linda was experiencing a re-discovery of her college interest in Daumier, and the two projects – the art and the music – suddenly came together. "I went through every drawing he ever did and really got involved," Linda says. "I got every book on Daumier and read all about his life and thought that it would be incredible to do a visual thing for Paul's music. Daumier worked for a newspaper as a satirical cartoonist, as well as being an amazing painter, and went to prison a few times for his Art. A lot of his work was about injustice and it's a theme that is so right for our times, still."

"I did about 20 minutes of music," adds Paul, "then Linda and I were looking at some Daumier drawings and getting very into him, so we hooked up the idea of injustice with my music pieces, came up with the basis for the film and got in touch with Geoff."

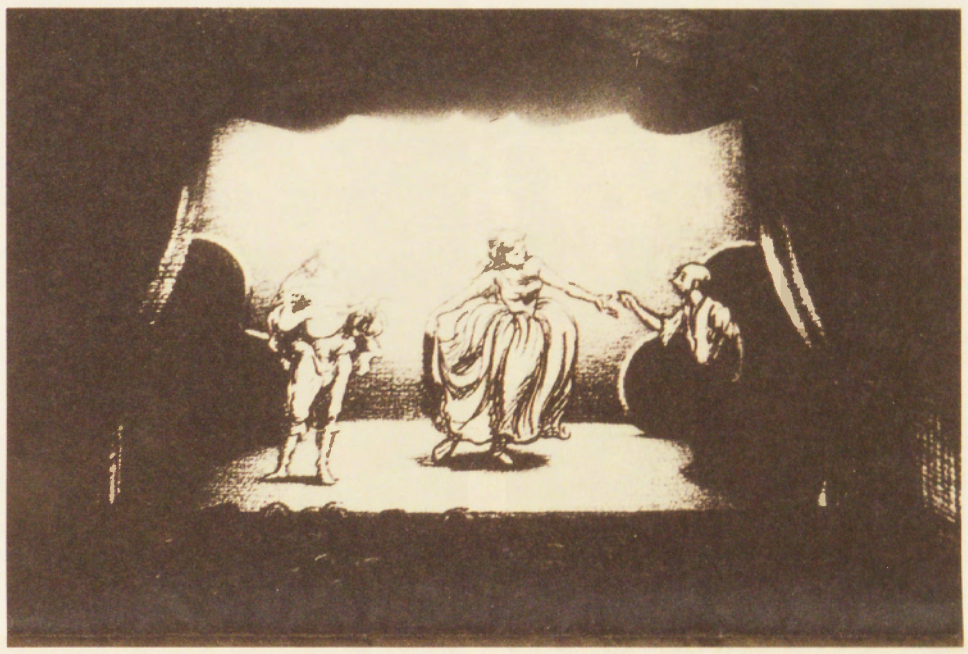
"Paul and Linda phoned me at home late one night in 1988 and told me their idea – would I like to make a film on the works of Daumier? I said *yes*," recalls Geoff Dunbar. "Before *Rupert* came along I'd made a film about Toulouse-Lautrec so the Daumier idea was very exciting. We talked about it for six months and had lots of meetings and then started work.

"Paul did six pieces of music and they each had a title – Right, Wrong, Justice, Punishment, Payment and Release. He was inspired. And then we pored through the works of the great man, got everything that was available and structured the story from the material. And where we had to link it we invented 'in the style of'. We've hung the story on one character, a man from one drawing by Daumier. It's rather ambiguous because in the drawing you can't see his face but the figure is there, and we made him this Average Guy, an Everyman."

The injustice theme of *Daumier's Law* is skilfully put across during the 15 minute film, with our Mr Average wrongfully accused, wrongfully arrested, wrongfully convicted in a particularly powerful courtroom sequence (Act 3: Justice), cruelly punished, forced to pay dues and then, at last, expelled by the tyrannical system, free to re-discover artistic beauty in his midst. "It's all topical stuff," comments Dunbar. "You've got to pay your Poll Tax or whatever it is, you're in court, you get done, you get sent down and then you get crapped out at the end and off you go. It's an heroic tale, I suppose. He goes through the system and comes out in rags, he's lost all his worldly possessions and his dignity but regains them at the end by finding beauty and music."

The most visually stunning section of the film occurs in Act 5 (Payment), when Daumier's remarkable *Gargantua*, drawn in 1832, is brought so cleverly to life. Depicting the great pear-head of Louis XIV and his swallowing up of ordinary people and their riches, it was a drawing for which Daumier was fined and imprisoned by the French government.

The sheer enormity of work involved in making such an intricate, artistically perfect film as *Daumier's Law* is best explained by some vital statistics: production began in mid-1989 and the animation took two years to complete. With between 12 and 24 drawings per second a 15 minute film runs up to 21,000 draw-



ings. Before that, however, they're all done in pencil too, so that makes 42,000. The celluloids also have to be shaded or painted before being photographed, plus there's all the preparatory photographs and the layouts of the scenes – add another 3500 drawings – then add the storyboard drawings. "The sequence of the mandolin player (Act 6, Release) alone took one artist three months," comments Geoff Dunbar, "plus there were scenes, only natural in a film project, that we couldn't fit in, which were heaved out and confined to the bin."

The senior animator, leading a team of seven, was Grand Slamm's Nicolette van Gendt, and it was her task – following the creation of the six-act storyboard by Geoff Dunbar in close collaboration with Paul and Linda – to re-invent the work of Honoré Daumier, to perfectly but positively mimic his style so that his individual drawings could be made to move and advance the story. It's a mark of the team's achievement that no difference between his original work and theirs is discernible to the naked eye. "Doing a film like this does have its bonuses because you get involved in a man's life," remarks Dunbar, "and one learns so much more than if you just studied it. You're actually in it, you've got to draw it, you've got to make it move, to create new scenes which will dovetail with the original ones."

"It was like pretending that Daumier was on our staff," agrees Paul, "like he was one of our artists. So we were able to fill in the movement in between his drawings."

Altogether, Paul supplied about 20 minutes of original, purely instrumental music, 15 of which was used. Like so much of his output, it's hard to categorise: it may not really be minimalist in the true sense of the word, but certainly, in places, it's pretty minimal. And it changes dramatically depending on the Act, from subtle tinkling percussion effects to more strident piano and electric guitar passages and some lovely acoustic guitar work. It's all there, perfectly married to the on-screen images. "The great thing about animation is that they need the music before the film," Paul comments, "unlike live-action films where they need the music afterwards to slot in with the picture. In animation they follow what you lay down."

"Paul was inspired by Daumier and I was inspired by the music," comments Geoff Dunbar. "And we do have a good sense of what we're both thinking and saying. It was the same with *Rupert* – I found 'We All Stand Together' so evocative of Rupert Bear that I remembered all my childhood stories when I heard it. With the Daumier music it's so much a departure for Paul, such a brave direction to go in, that I had to sit down and listen to it many times over.

"What was especially thrilling was when we did the sound mix and Paul and I were sitting at the back of the theatre. There it was again – the strength of the music was still there. We'd been listening to it every day, sections of it repeated again and again, and it had become an object of work. So for the strength of the music to still be there two years later was remarkable. It was a thrilling moment and we were absolutely chuffed."

Recession or no recession, good work will usually come your way if you do good work. For Geoff Dunbar, animation has fascinated him since childhood and keeps him very busy in adulthood. "As a boy I use to draw on a piece of celluloid, go under the stairs, use a torch as a home-made projector and make it move. Now I've been able to make four films – the first was about Toulouse-Lautrec, the second Alfred Jarry's Ubu, then Rupert and now Daumier. As Paul said recently, and he's quite right, we're really lucky boys to be able to do this kind of work, because in today's financial world not many get the chance. It's a marvellous thing."

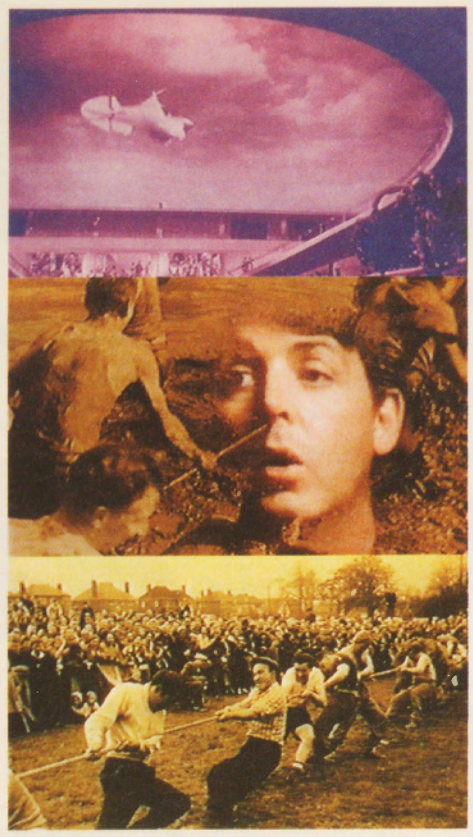
Delighted to be "probably the only animator in the world who has a gold disc", pointing to his award for 'We All Stand Together', Dunbar is usually occupied making animated television commercials, and is presently engaged in caringly bringing to the screen another much-loved British children's character, Beatrix Potter's Peter Rabbit, set for transmission later this year.

*Daumier's Law* was finally finished just before last Christmas, and the plan is for it to go into cinemas before eventual release on home-video/disc. As for the music element, Paul comments, "I've also got two other pieces on the same sort of theme and of similar length, so the idea at some point may be to release everything together on record, the *Daumier's Law* music and the other music. We'll see."

One thing is for certain, it's yet another new direction in the career of Paul McCartney – one can only wonder just how he'll surprise us all next, but he'll do it, somehow...

# MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE

**More from our exhaustive exhumation of the vault**



## TUG OF WAR

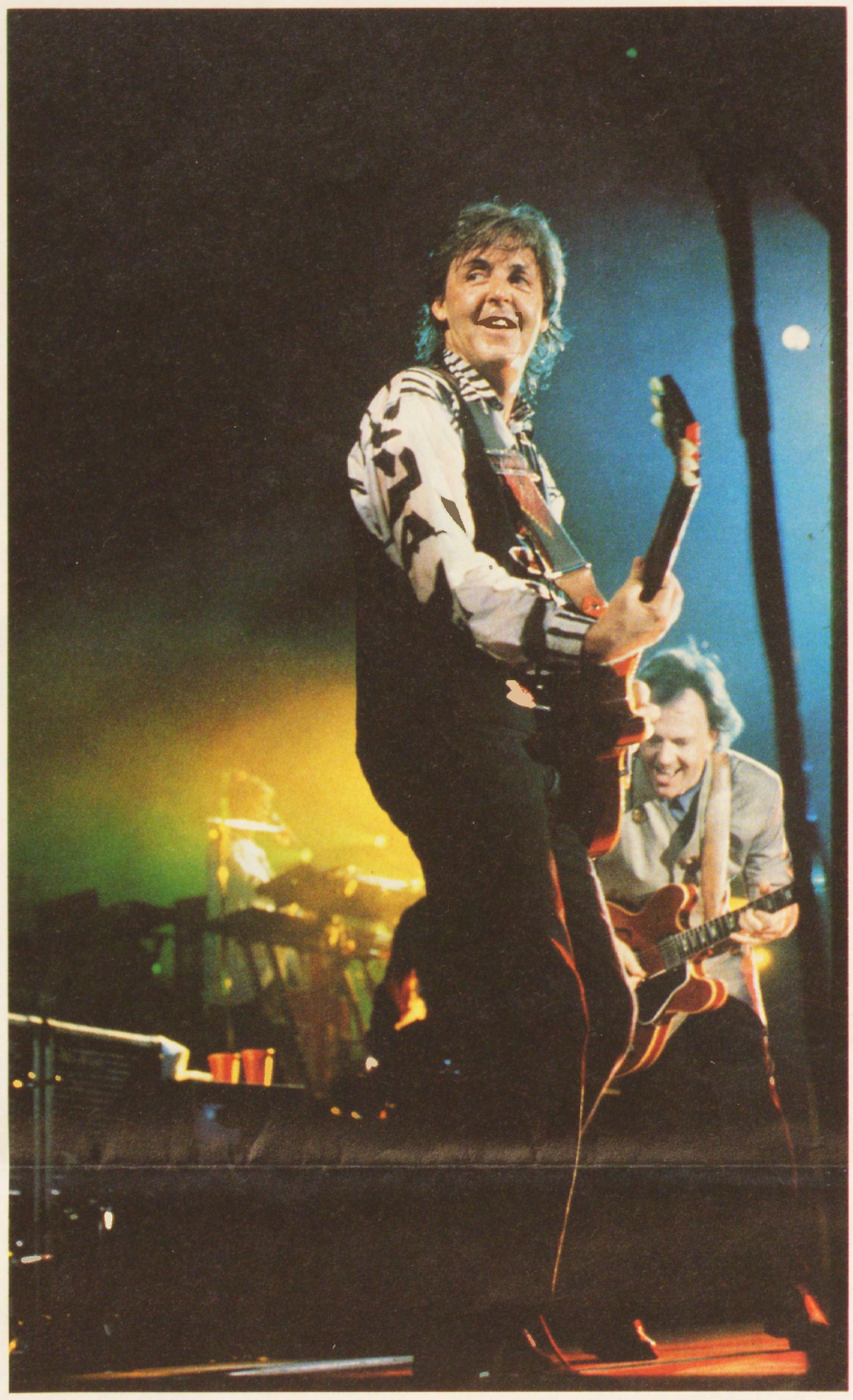
Anniversaries, schmanniversaries. So it's 25 years since the release of *Sgt Pepper*, this much we know. But did you also know that it's ten years since *Tug Of War*? Now *that's* what one might call a quick decade.

But ten years it is, and a fine reason to pull out of the archive the promotional video for the album's title track. It wasn't the first single to be taken from the LP (that was 'Ebony And Ivory'), nor was it the second (take a bow 'Take It Away'). It was the third, and rock history tells us that videos made for third singles tend not to be noted for their excessive production budgets. But, as usual with Paul's stuff, it's a good promo, comfortable on the eye and certainly interesting to re-view.

The original plan was for some existing fly-on-the-wall studio footage of Paul in the AIR Studios control room to be intercut with vintage, library clips of yer actual tug-of-war competitions. As the promo's editor Alex Denholm kindly reminds though, the first rough cut was OK but showed too little of Paul to closely identify the singer with his music. A second edit boosted the Macca quota but, again, sages decreed that the balance was, well, unbalanced.

So director Maurice Phillips took a camera crew into AIR Studios to record Paul miming to the song, and be joined here and there by Linda. It didn't have to take long, not least because they were busy recording the follow-up album *Pipes Of Peace*, so he grabbed an acoustic, sat on a high stool and lip-synched it straight off, humorously pretending his guitar was a violin for the closing string sounds.

Along with action showing Paul mixing it with the AIR control room team of George Martin, Geoff Emerick and Jon Jacobs, archive clips of muddied men in flat-caps partaking in tug-of-war contests, and mighty King Kong tugging a bunch of cavemen into a river, this new material was then put into a third edit and approved for broadcast, coinciding with the single's release in September 1982.



## SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND

We've said it before but it's worth repeating: contrary to expectation, not all of Paul's promo videos have been made to "promo" a single. In fact, his very first solo clip, back in 1970, was for 'Maybe I'm Amazed' and that was very much but nothing more than a *McCartney* album track.

Hop 20 years on, to 1990, and the exercise was repeated, this time for *Tripping The Live Fantastic*, that fun-filled jamboree bag of live and soundcheck cuts from the World Tour. Releasing singles from a live album is not necessarily the best way of drawing its existence to the attention of TV viewers. Advertising helps, but so too do videos – which are a form of advertisement anyway. To plug *Tripping*, then, a promo was made for 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band'.

The rock solid (and solid rock) core of the clip was original film footage shot somewhere in America for the *Get Back* movie, directed by Aubrey Powell, the man in charge of the second unit. (Richard Lester, of course, ran the first.)

The ingredients: a *huge* open-air stadium packed to the gills with fans, clear-skied night-time USA, real wind – no machines necessary here – tousling the hair of the on-stage musicians, one of the most famous rock songs of all time, a tight band playing their socks off and a dazzling display of sky-bound fireworks. But this wasn't the clip distributed to TV.

What happened instead was that the good people from a London animation agency called Snapper were given a chance to pretty up the picture, cut down the length (few promos last seven minutes as this most certainly would have done if shown uncut) and make it suitable for MTV viewing.

So Snapper snapped into action, superimposing some typically freaky (now there's a word that's gone out of vogue) 1967 oily light slide effects, cutting the three-minute jam section down to way less than one and generally punching up the dynamics.

It was a job well done, as anyone who got to see it will tell you.

# BACKWARDS TRAVELLER

**All this fuss about a certain chap's birthday is nothing new.**
**The man turned 22 midway through an Australian tour and look what happened then...**
**With enough gift boomerangs to satisfy Charlie Drake for many a day, this is a birthday party Sydney style.**
**But just what *is* that on top of the cake?**

SUNDAY MIRROR SOUVENIR

Sunday Beatle

FORECAST HOT

WORLD BEATLES SCOOP

YOU ... COULD GO TO PAUL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!

This easy contest offers the chance of a lifetime

GIRLS! How would you like to go to Beatle Paul McCartney's 22nd birthday party in Sydney on Thursday?

Paul, the "baby" of the Beatle group, has asked the Sunday Mirror to find 15 girls to be his guests at the party.

This will give the lucky ones chosen the experience of a lifetime . . . and make them the envy of girls all over the world.

It also gives the Sunday Mirror the world Beatles scoop of the year.

Paul told us: "The other boys and I love meeting young people, I'd love to share my birthday with some of our wonderful fans Down Under."

The party will be after the first Beatle concert in Sydney.

Paul devised a simple, easy-to-enter free contest to give all eligible girls an equal chance of being with him on the great night.

He asked us to arrange the details.

- To enter you must be aged between 16 and 22 inclusive.
- Fill in the entry form below.
- Attach to it a recent clear photograph of yourself.
- ... also a sheet of paper giving in no more than 50 words your reasons for wanting to attend a Beatle birthday party.
- If you are under 21 you MUST have your parents' permission to attend the party. One of your parents must sign the entry form in the space provided.

The Sunday Mirror will see that you get home safely after the party.

Entries must be clearly addressed Beatle Birthday Party, Sunday Mirror, Box 4242, GPO, Sydney.

Entries will close at 9 a.m. on Wednesday. Entries that have not reached the Sunday Mirror by that time will be disqualified.

A special entry box will also be provided in the Mirror foyer, on the corner of Kippax and Holt Streets.

Judges will be DEREK TAYLOR, the Beatle tour publicity manager; DAVE ALLEN, the television star; LEICESTER WAR-BURTON, the Sunday Mirror promotions executive and MISS BLANCHE D'ALPUGET, a Sunday Mirror Beatle reporter.

The judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Your entry MUST be attached to the official Sunday Mirror form. The form will be printed in the Daily and Sunday Mirror again on Monday and Tuesday.

Judging will begin immediately the entries close, and the names of the lucky 15 girls will be announced in the Daily Mirror on Thursday.

On Friday, the Daily Mirror will bring you an exclusive report and photographs of the party.

Just think of it! A chance to meet not just ONE Beatle, but the whole famous four!

Don't waste a moment. Enter now — YOU could be one of the lucky 15.

CUT HERE

**Birthday Party entry form**

...try form MUST be attached to a recent clear ... the entreat end one sheet of paper bearing in ... 50 words your reasons WHY I WOULD LIKE ...EST AT A BEATLE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

... AGE .....

... OCCUPATION .....

...UMBERS: Home ..... Office .....

...T'S SIGNATURE: I agree to my daughter attending ...atle Birthday Party if she should be selected.

...tries close at 9 a.m. on ...esday. They must be ...ly addressed ...THDAY PARTY, Sunday ...rror, Box ... GPO, Sydney, ... in special boxes in the Mirror foyer, on the corner of Kippax and Holt Streets.

Entries that have not reached the Sunday Mirror by ... a.m. on Wednesday will be ...alified.

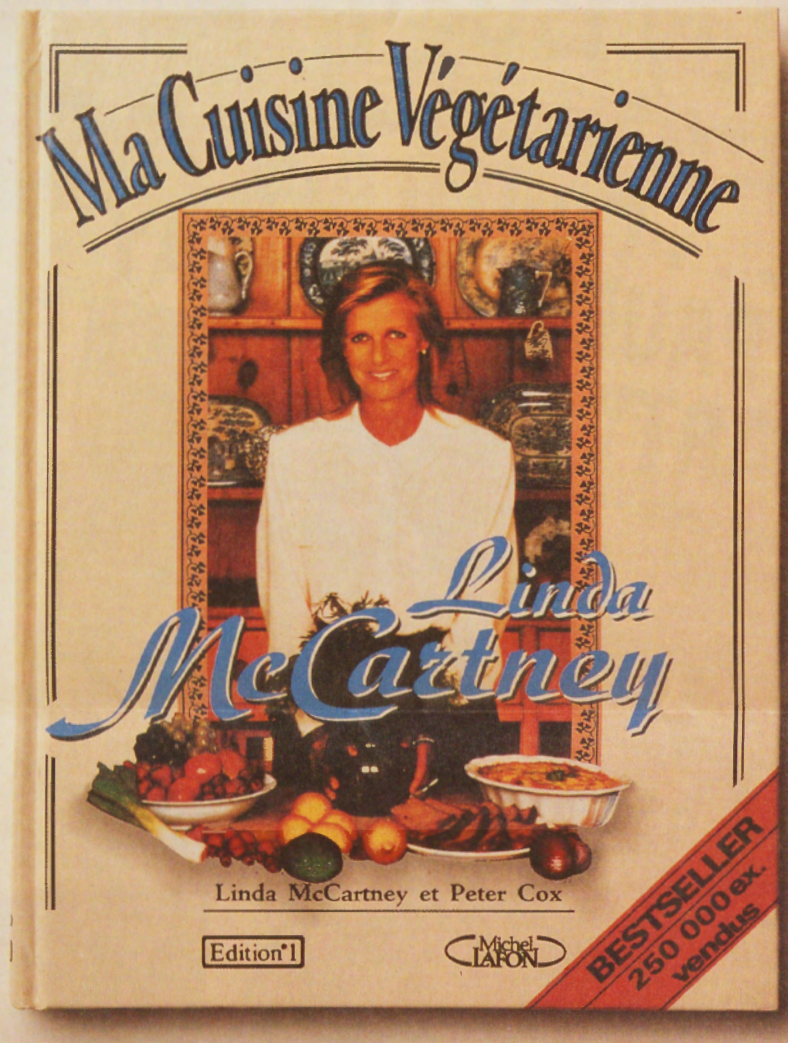
Hi, girls! See you at my party. Paul McCartney is looking forward to meeting the contest winners on Thursday.

23 SUNDAY MIRROR, JUNE 14, 1964 23

ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY THE GLENN A BAKER ARCHIVES

# LINDA TURNS THE (KITCHEN) TABLES ON THE FRENCH

**Geoff "Boulanger" Baker boards the Veggie Flyer across the Channel to witness the successful French launch of Linda's believer belle livre**




There is an expression used in England known as "taking coals to Newcastle". It means you're really trying your luck, aiming to sell someone something they've already got in plenty.

"Fat chance" would be another way of putting it.

Both expressions may have come to some minds when Linda said she was publishing her cookbook *Linda McCartney's Home Cooking* in France.

The book has sold extraordinarily well in the UK and USA, but *France*? For starters (OK, hors d'oeuvres), France is the maison of cookery; they've got cooking in their genes there. What could another cookbook teach them?

And second, well...they eat horses, don't they? Any nation that invented the concept of the frog's *leg* as a meal is surely going to be looking seriously askance at the notion of not eating animals.

Wrong. The world and his mother turned out for the launch of the book as P&L flew to Versailles to host it to a battery of magazine writers, photographers and TV crews.

Linda, it seems, had genuinely turned the (kitchen) tables on the French, who were intrigued by this revolutionary idea of eating vegetables and – *shock alors* – amazed that the meals tasted divine. They "ummm"-ed and "ahhhh"-ed over coeurs d'artichauts aux champignons (page 110) and tarte meringuée au citron (193), prepared especially by three Michelin-rated chefs who had more rosettes between them than you'd see at a Surrey gymkhana.

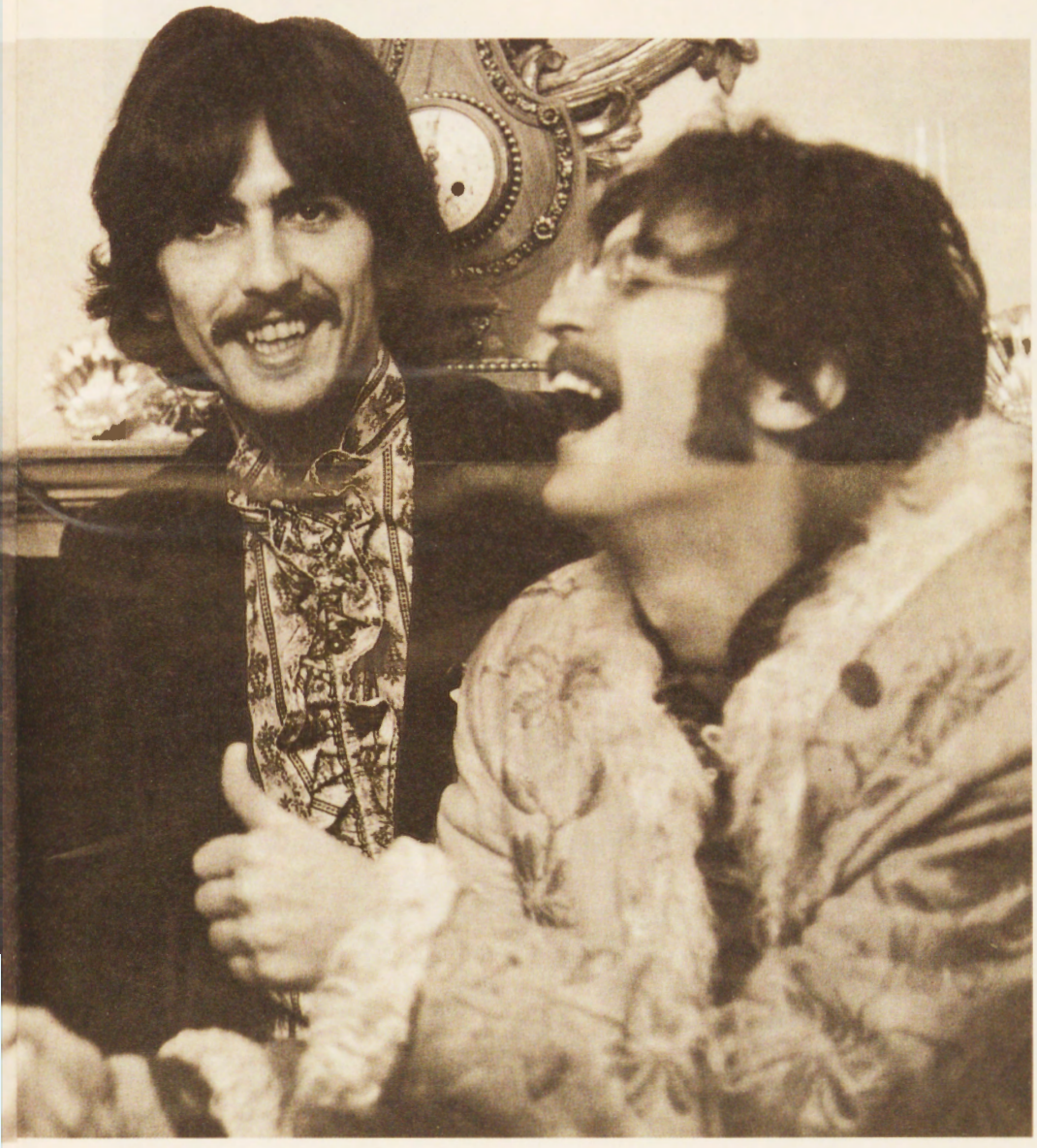
No-one said "What? No meat?" (or "Quoi? Pas de la viande?"). Conversion, not just conversation, hung in the air, and the Scud-sized cigar that publisher Michel Lafon lit up was not the sort puffed by men anticipating anything less than a best-seller.

And Linda's event even won the indirect approval of France's most celebrated animal lover, Brigitte Bardot. Brigitte, her sister Mijanou explained, ate fish and would like to Go Veggie completely, except that she didn't have enough vegetarian recipes. She would *lurve* a Linda cookbook.

Today France, then, tomorrow the rest of the world...

# LINDA'S SIXTIES

**This autumn Linda turns author once again with the publication of a stunning selection of her 1960's rock photographs. Mark Lewisohn scans the proofs**



Content not only with commandeering the prime slice of the vegetarian cookbook market, Linda is about to dip into her extensive photo archive and pull out a plum choice of shots from what a certain major musician has announced as "a time they called the Sixties".

Subtitled *Portrait Of An Era*, the book is precisely that – a compendium of stunning shots from a photographer who, while admitting to being professionally untrained, clearly has a keen eye for just the right moment and an ability to frequently find herself in the right place at the right time.

To put it another way, and this is something all *Club Sandwich* regulars will readily agree with, this self-professed limited knowledge of the technical side of photography has not in the least inhibited Linda from producing much great work. In book form, *Linda McCartney – Sixties* is the fourth volume to so clearly display this. *Linda's Pictures* was the first, published back in 1976, *Photographs* came next (1982) and *Sun Prints* (1988) was the most recent.

But while one would in no way denigrate those earlier books, *Sixties* is perhaps the icing on the cake: a sumptuous coffee-table production of remarkable high quality, a book one will want to reach out for again and again...though perhaps only with clean hands.

Surprisingly, perhaps, it was the Rolling Stones who, in Linda's own words, "set the course" of her life. The time was June 1966 and Linda – working in New York at the magazine *Town & Country* – managed to gain exclusive photographic access to the band as they took to the Hudson River for a floating press reception. The resulting pictures were outstanding – several shots appear in *Sixties* – and Linda was on her way.

The new book is divided into three sections, East Coast, West Coast and London, with scores of top rock acts featured, most accompanied by insightful, interesting and, above all, *caring* reminiscences from the photographer herself. On the East Coast side of things, from the period when Linda was based in New York and taking pictures of not only the local but visiting acts, the book spotlights the Stones, the Doors, the Who, Cream, Simon and Garfunkel, BB King, Buffalo Springfield, Todd Rundgren, the Animals, the Young Rascals, the Mamas and Papas, Jackson Browne, Blue Cheer, the Byrds, Jimi Hendrix, Bob Dylan, Frank Zappa, the Yardbirds, Bloomfield/Quicksilver, Otis Redding and Tim Buckley.

And along the way, as one turns page after page of stunning shots, it's equally fascinating to read the remarks. Linda's perception of Jim Morrison's shyness and frailties, and how he slowly succumbed to both the public's misconception of his personality and determination to place him on a pedestal, is particularly sad. With Jimi Hendrix the empathy is equally and refreshingly real; while the pictures show rhythm and blues the text reveals soul.

The West Coast section is full of big names too – Janis Joplin with Big Brother and the Holding Company, Country Joe and the Fish, the Association, Ray Charles, the Grateful Dead (seen lounging on steps of their house in the epicentre of Haight-Ashbury), Jefferson Airplane and Aretha Franklin – and, again, some equally telling text accompanies.

Linda first came to England in May 1967, wanting to photograph two acts – Traffic and the Beatles. She succeeded, and also managed to squeeze in sessions with the Move, the Kinks and Jimi Hendrix on the way. Not bad for a few days' work in a foreign country!

Her first session with the Beatles – which came about through impressing Brian Epstein with her portfolio, particularly prints of Keith Moon and Brian Jones – led to the taking of a magnificent group portrait, snapped at the exclusive press launch for *Sgt Pepper*, with John and Paul shaking hands, deliriously happy with life. Linda later sold such a colour print for $100 and thought she'd hit the big time – previously, showing delightful naivety, she had given them away.

An excellent section of Beatles photographs – many previously unpublished – occupies the last third of the book. Linda arrived in England a second time, and to stay, late in September 1968, during the latter stages of the 'White Album' recording sessions. She was now Paul's partner and, although never pushy, her access to the group meant that she was able to take in-studio shots of them when very few others could gain access. She immediately captured the spirit of the Beatles at work, busy creating with George Martin another inspiring collection of songs.

Similarly, however, in 1969, her camera picked up the frostier atmosphere enveloping them, although two happy photos of John and Paul sitting and working together speak volumes for the deep camaraderie which always existed between them.

The end of the Beatles and the end of the 1960s hammered home the fact that those few idealistic, exciting years were suddenly over. But Paul and Linda had each other, children were arriving on the scene and Linda still carried her camera. The final pictures in *Sixties* show the young McCartney family on their own, in London, in Liverpool, in Devon and Cornwall, in fields, in Scotland, getting back to nature, a family laying down roots.

Besides all this, the new book has photos of a real eclectic bunch: from Tiny Tim to Arlo Guthrie via Judy Collins, Nico, Twiggy, the Hollies and Mickie Most. A certain Paul McCartney has written a lovely introduction and David Bailey the foreword.

"I'm into Life" states the photographer at the end – *Sixties* proves that she not only lives it, she's captured it too.

❖ *Linda McCartney – Sixties* will be published in September – by Little, Brown in the USA and by Octopus in the UK. Available from all sensible bookstores.

# WIX WEDS

**Hands we're more used to seeing sliding assuredly over keyboards placed a wedding ring onto the appropriate digit of Margo Buchanan on 31 January, the day Wix became a married man. The ceremony was a quiet family gathering, held in a church near his Essex homestead, and the vicar was none other than Wix's brother-in-law. Celebrations spanned 48 hours, with a party for friends taking place the following night at Groucho's in London, attended by all of the Macca band.**

**Wix and Margo first met ten years ago when she, a singer-songwriter, booked our musical maestro for a session, and they've been friends ever since.**

**Sincere congratulations to the happy couple from all of us at *Club Sandwich*...**

# AND IN THE GREEN CORNER

**The international tug-of-war over a beautiful white Beluga whale has highlighted once again man's at times ludicrous inhumanity to the other creatures with which it should be happily co-existing. As executive director of the newly-established charitable trust International Animal Rescue, John Hicks has been closely involved in trying to sort out the sorry saga, and he explains the background to the situation**

Within 24 hours of the first reported sighting of a Beluga whale in the Black Sea, International Animal Rescue had paid for an expert to fly to Turkey to investigate the reports. The whale, now known as Brightness, swiftly captured the hearts of millions throughout the world with his fun-loving nature and smiling face.

On 19 September 1991 Brightness had escaped with another whale from a Russian naval base in Savastopol, where it is almost certain that they were being trained for military purposes, probably to place mines and bugging devices on enemy submarines. However, with the break-up of the USSR the navy had little use for them. The other whale still has not been seen and is thought to have died.

In an attempt to stop Brightness from going back into captivity a plan was put together to rehabilitate him back into his native Arctic waters. The Turkish government was very sympathetic to the idea and the Minister of the Environment agreed to meet representatives of the three organisations which were jointly spearheading the campaign – British Divers Marine Life Rescue, The Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society and International Animal Rescue.

But at the meeting the minister explained that while he liked the idea of the whale being liberated his government really had to give the Russians the opportunity of taking him back. But, he explained, they would only be given seven days to make up their mind – they probably wouldn't bother. He was wrong – a Russian recovery team seized its chance to enter Turkish waters and re-caught Brightness, jabbing him with drugs to make him docile.

Still, the capture was horrendous, with Brightness fighting desperately to remain free. Usually when a Beluga whale is caught straight from the wild it gives up without a fight; Brightness had clearly learnt the terrible consequences of capture once before.

Actually, though, the recovery team didn't have a licence from either the Russians or the Ukrainians to carry out its terrible deed and, as Brightness is being held still in Ukrainian waters, we feel there is still a chance to rescue him from his captivity. We are now making arrangements to see the Ukrainian Minister of the Environment in the hope that he can order the whale's release. Should this be unsuccessful we will be attending a conference in Russia in July at which the long-term future of Brightness will be discussed.

Regretfully, we are also aware of plans to make Brightness the star attraction in a mobile dolphinarium that can be towed around Black Sea resorts in the hope that holidaymakers will pay to see this poor creature being forced to perform pathetic tricks. It is a fact that captive whales and dolphins live only about one third of their normal life expectancy, and many not even this long. The deprivation of all the normal stimuli from highly intelligent creatures such as these must be one of the worst forms of torture man can inflict on these remarkable animals.

Thanks to the support of celebrities such as Paul and Linda, Carla Lane, Elkie Brooks and many others we are able to maintain the pressure for the release of Brightness and all other intelligent creatures being kept in appallingly inadequate conditions merely for the "sport" or misuse of man.

But, surely, such support should not be necessary in a so-called civilised society.

✎ Further information may be obtained from International Animal Rescue, Animal Tracks, Ash Mill, South Molton, Devon EX36 4QW, England.

# WRITE AWAY

Your chance to get questions answered

## Q

**Over the last few years a lot of stories have been circulating about the so-called *Hot Hitz And Kold Kutz* album. Will this ever be released?**
**Also, in the World Tour programme, Linda said that Neil Young is one of her favourite songwriters. Could she and Paul pick out their favourite Neil Young album and song?**
**Stephen Kershaw, Solihull, England**

First mentioned in the early 1970s as a refuge for good but unreleased material, *Hot Hitz And Kold Kutz* hasn't gone away, and obviously gets added to each time a song is recorded and not used. It's been said before, we know, but there *are* still plans to release it in the future.

Paul and Linda both enjoy Neil Young's work and find it difficult to isolate clear favourites. Pressed, however, Paul chooses *Harvest* as his album and 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' (from *After The Goldrush*) as his favourite track. Linda selects any of the Buffalo Springfield albums, or solo works *Harvest* and *Live Rust*, and the tracks 'Expecting To Fly' (on *Buffalo Springfield Again*) and 'Like A Hurricane' (on *American Stars 'n' Bars*) as her prime cuts. Guess you could say they're keen fans!

## Q

**For years I've wanted to know where the inside photograph for *Tug Of War* was taken. It's the one where Paul is sitting on a couch, leaning over a coffee-table and writing something. Can you supply any information?**
**Raymond Meaney, New York, USA**

We've heard people suggest the photo was taken in Montserrat, where *Tug Of War* was recorded, but in fact this excellent picture of Paul was taken by Linda during a holiday in Jamaica.

## Q

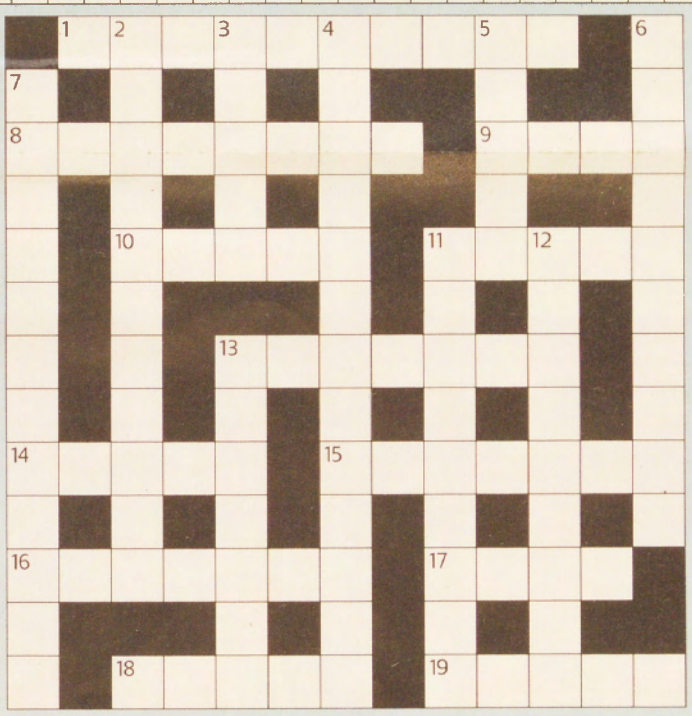
***Get Back* is a wonderful souvenir of the World Tour. Could you tell us from which concerts the audio portions of the songs were taken?**
**Tina and Quentin Brown, North Vancouver, Canada**

**I've noticed that the *Get Back* film soundtrack is different from the album *Tripping The Live Fantastic*. Could you list the venues from which the songs were taken?**
**Andrew Macdiarmid, Penn, England**

The 20 songs in the film were drawn from concerts recorded in Rotterdam, Montreal, Hamburg, Toronto, Birmingham, Zurich, Los Angeles and Chicago. Because of audio/visual editing, continuity and synchronisation complications it's hard to be more specific about each track.

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION THAT YOU'D LIKE ANSWERED SEND IT ALONG TO CLUB SANDWICH, PO BOX 110, WESTCLIFF, ESSEX, SS0 8NW, ENGLAND, MARKING YOUR POSTCARD OR ENVELOPE 'WRITE AWAY' IN THE TOP-LEFT CORNER. WE CANNOT RESPOND OUTSIDE OF THIS COLUMN.

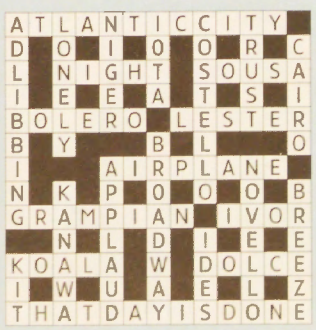
## GREEN SUMMER CROSSWORD

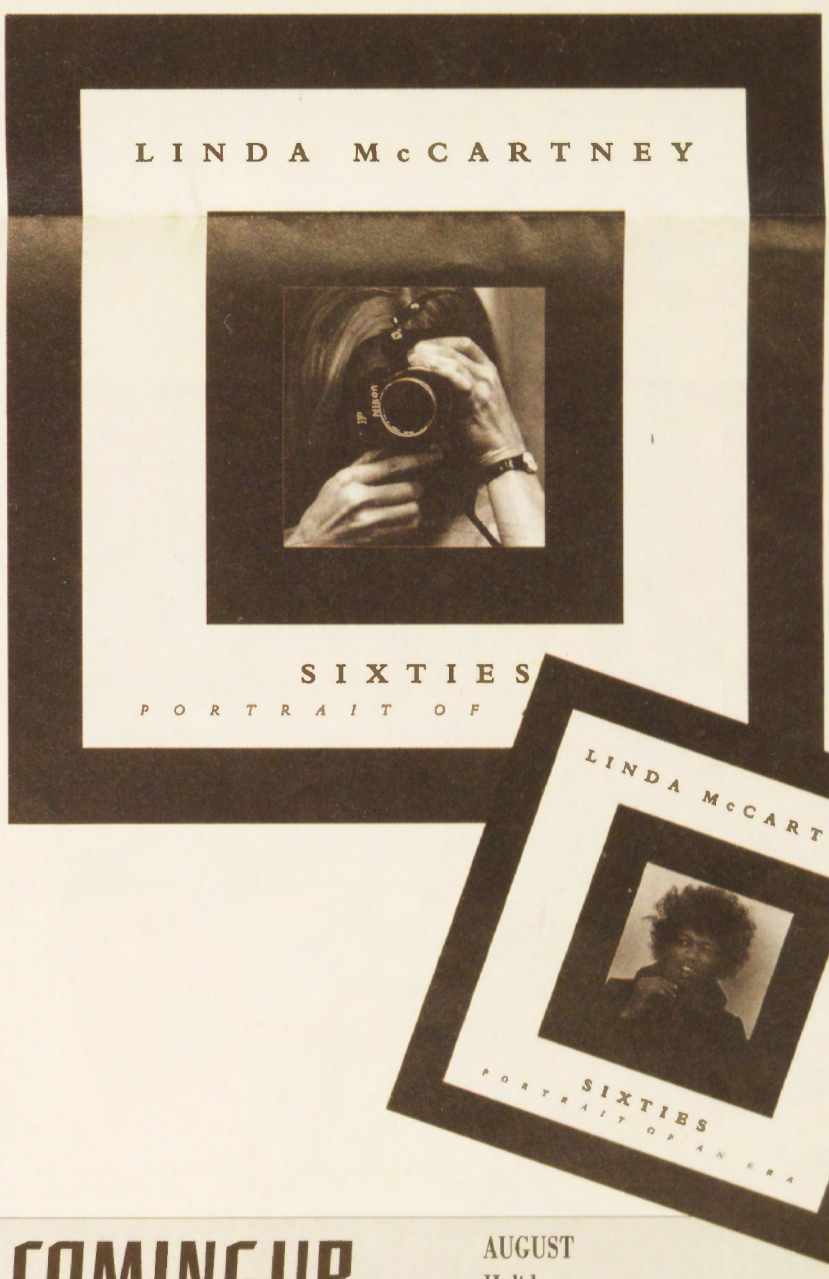


ACROSS
1 Organisation founded in 1971 to maintain a balance between human progress and environmental conservation (10)
8 Downpour that contains a high concentration of pollutants (4,4)
9 Extinct flightless bird of Mauritius (4)
10 _____ light, another name for dawn (5)
11 Great crested _____ , a diving bird (5)
13 ___ ____ Books of the International Union for Conservation of Nature, listing threatened species (3,4)
14 Fertile spot in the desert (5)
15 Of, for, or used by both sexes (7)
16 Town in Greater London, famous for its film studios (7)
17 Deficiency, shortage (4)
18 _____ Lakes (Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario and Michigan) (5)
19 Country of Africa with the savanna - home of the fast disappearing Oryx (5)

DOWN
2 Great dense areas of broad-leaved trees in tropical areas of heavy rainfall (11)
3 Fault (5)
4 Section of the high plateau country of N Central America along the north side of the Little Colorado River Valley - famous for its brilliant-coloured rocks (7,6)
5 _____ of Lebanon, tree of level spreading branches and fragrant odour (5)
6 Region in the stratosphere that absorbs high energy solar ultra-violet rays and is now in danger from 'holing' (5,5)
7 World's largest and deepest expanse of water (7,5)
11 Wild ____, with a sword-shaped flower, perennial of the iris family, now found only in Hampshire, England (8)
12 Faded gradually - like smoke, say - from sight (9)
13 Tract of land set aside for the protection and conservation of wild animals, flowers etc (7)

ANSWERS TO SPRING CROSSWORD IN CS61



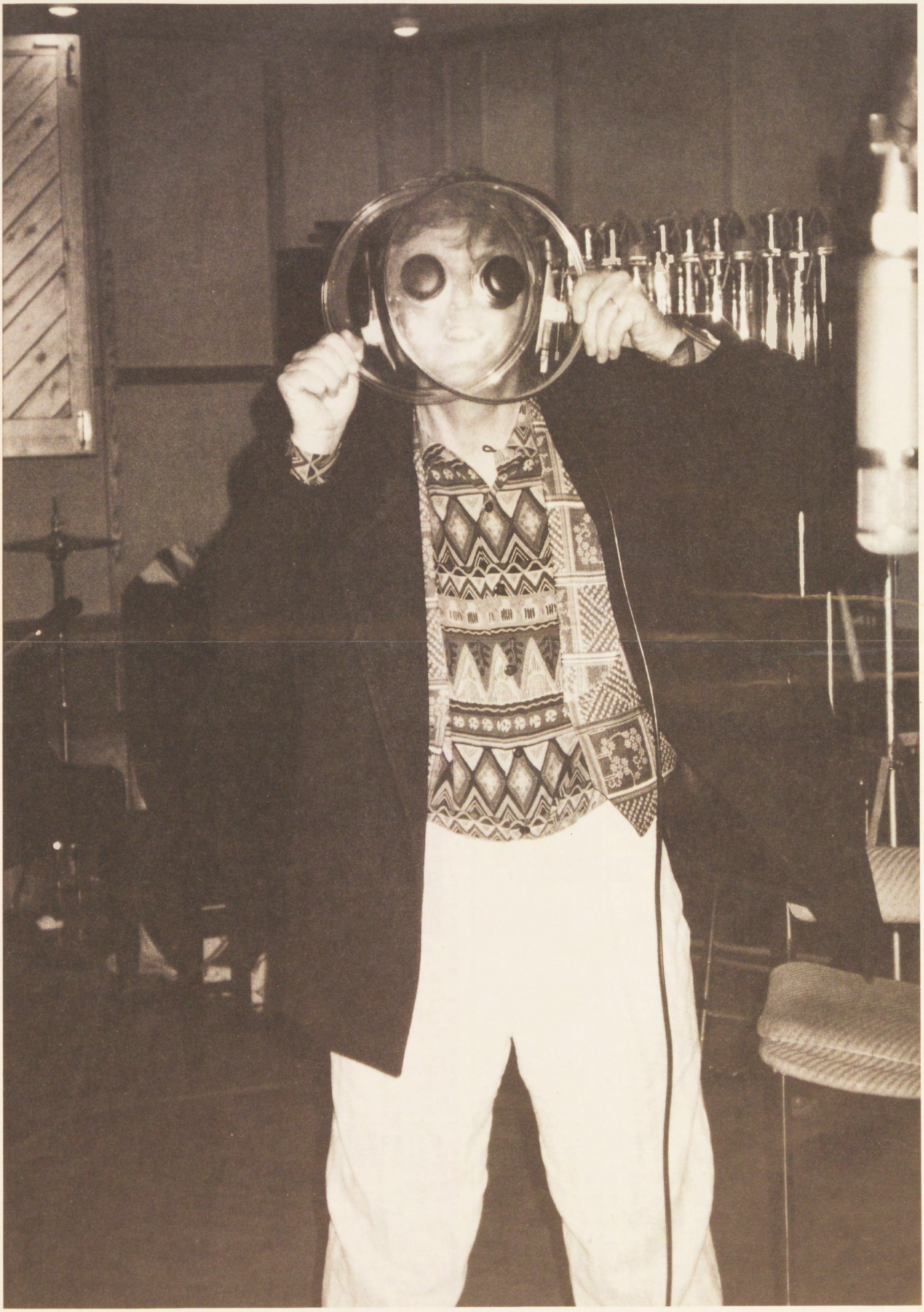




## COMING UP...

JULY
Band recordings
*Liverpool Oratorio* performances in Budapest, Hungary; Rome, Italy; Quebec City and Montreal, Canada

AUGUST
Holidays
*Liverpool Oratorio* performances in Chicago

SEPTEMBER
16th annual Buddy Holly Week celebrations
*Linda McCartney - Sixties* book published
*Liverpool Oratorio* performances in Helsinki, Finland
...and your next *Club Sandwich*



PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA McCARTNEY

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